

HAUNTED.

I am haunted, gentle reader, but in such a pleasant way. I do not fear the "specter" one iota. In fact, I would consider it a very sort of day in which I was unable to devote a Good portion of the fleeting hours unto my cheerful "phantom."

And I'm "awful sorry" for the folks who have no "ghost" to "haunt" 'em!

My little "spook" came down the stair to "haunt" me 't'other night.

As late I labored over a dreary matter. Through the grim shadows of the hall I caught a glimpse of white.

And heard a tiny slipper's gentle patter, And presently a baby voice came through the door to greet me.

"Say, popper, did you fink I wuz a gobbler come to eat ye?"

—Harper's Magazine.

SHE WAS A HEROINE.

"Tell me about it, Uncle Jerry."

He was a character in his quiet way—the skipper par excellence of the little seaport of L.

We were great friends, he and I, and many a long summer day had I spent beside the bent old frame, watching his rough fingers mend nets or sails with the deftness grown from long practice and listening to his tales with keen enjoyment.

But there was one incident of his life on which he never touched, nor could any amount of coaxing induce him to approach it.

It had happened while I was in Europe. I found him greatly changed on my return after a six years' absence.

This afternoon, for the first time, he betrayed a willingness to confide in me.

"It were high five years ago—the year before the hotel was built. The cove was crowded. It seemed like we all had mor'n we could make comfortable, and the boarders were crowded into old Miss Holt's in a way that did seem wonderful when we heard how they lived in their big city homes. I had just bought a new sailboat, a 50 footer, an a regular goer. I calculated for make a heap out o' pleasure parties an' such—an I did. I took the same crowd pretty regular, an in time I got to know 'em well. They was as nice a lot of young things as ever came in my path, but they was carelesslike, an they didn't allays think."

"The sailin bothered me. They was all over the boat at once, an nothin would do but I must learn 'em to sail."

"I grew powerful fond of 'em all, but there was one little girl I took a special shine to. She wasn't very strong—I heard tell she was just gettin over a fever. She had a sickly look, but you could see she'd been bonny."

"I remember a trick she had of takin off her cap an lettin the wind blow her short hair, an if the day was damp it would curl up tight, an she'd run her fingers through it an pull it out straight to see how it was growin. As I said, she was very strong, an when they all got to farkin it seemed like she couldn't stand it, for she'd leave the rest, an with her little polite bow she'd come an say so gentlelike, 'Uncle Jerry, do you mind if I stay here with you?'"

"Gradually the rest of 'em kinder forgot her, an by an by she'd come right away from the start, an I got so used to havin her there at my right hand that when she staid home I felt real lonesome. She begged me to learn her how to steer, an when I saw she meant it I showed her one thing and another, an somehow she never forgot what I told her. An one day she says to me, 'Uncle Jerry, I believe I could sail a boat as well as any one if I were only stronger.' Bless her heart! I'd have trusted her sooner'n any young feller in the party if she'd had a little more muscle in her arm."

"There was a young feller in the party named Grey. He was a likely chap, about 20, I reckon. He had lots of money, an I heard from some of the ladies' gals that he used to be a great friend o' Miss May's before she was sick, but he was a great sport, an after she begun to go about, an he found she couldn't do things as he did, he jest naturally slipped away from her and talk to goin with Miss Julie Webb."

"Miss Julie was mighty pretty, with frowzily light hair, a mouth big enough to swallow a doughnut hull, an rows of teeth like pearls. I heard Mr. Grey say. She had a voice like a steam whistle. There warn't nothin she couldn't do except keep still, an bein Mr. Grey was always doin himself they spent most of their time together."

"Miss May used to watch 'em with that heart breakin look on her dear face. It was the 10th of August. The month had been very hot, and we hadn't had any sailin breeze for four days, but that mornin a nice, stiff breeze begun to come in from the sea. Well, I was settin in my door mendin a sail for my catboat, when I heard the crowd a-comin. I always knew 'em by Miss Julie's voice. I most generally could hear that by the time they left Miss Holt's door. They had a couple of city fellers down from the city for the day, an nothin would do but I must take 'em sailin."

"I wouldn't have gone, but just at the last minute little Miss May came up an tuk my old brown fist in her two little white paws, an sez she: 'Oh, Uncle Jerry, do go! I'm goin home to-morrow, an I want one more sail, an this is my last chance.'"

"The tide was runnin out, an the wind was due east, which made the white caps fly, but I put in a tack and started for the mouth of the bay. Just about the time we got out from under the cliffs the squall struck us, an I saw my mistake. The foam heeled over till her storm deck was two feet under water. I threw her head up into the wind, but as she came around a cross sea struck her bow, an when I looked for Tom to take in sail Tom was gone. Well, I didn't dare tell them young things what had happened. I looked at little Miss May, an there she sat, her head on her knees, her two little hands over her face—somehow she'd never looked so small before. Just then she raised her head.

I thought she'd gone clean out of her mind with fear, but it was nothin of the kind, for the next moment she says, still jokin like: 'The idea of Tom's bein such a coward! Hugh, will you an the boys git down the sail for the captain? Tom's below an can't do anythin.'"

"Then I knew she knew, an that she saw our danger as plain as I did. The boys sprang for'ard, but they hadn't time to reef it, so they jest cut it away an tried to reef the jib instead. The mast bent like a fishpole, an every minute I thought to hear it crack."

"All this time the water was comin over the sides, an little Miss May stood there up to her knees in it, coaxin those great, healthy boys an girls, an scoldin when she couldn't keep 'em quiet without it. Then, as the boys turned to come aft, the city feller lost his footin, an over he went after Tom. Mr. Hugh an the other feller just looked at each other, an staggered to their places, an they ran into Miss May. She didn't give 'em time to git more scared. She jest handed 'em two buckets, an said, kinder stern: 'Here, don't be cowards. If we must die, let's die bravely, but in the meantime—work.'"

"They told me afterward that her grandfather was a famous sea captain that went down standin on the bridge of his ship, an I guess she tuk after him, an it come to the top when it was wanted, 'cause she was cool as a cucumber. As fast as the others got scared she grew quiet, an her voice, that was so soft and gentle when she used to sit beside me, rang like a bell as she told 'em what to do. We were gettin on now. With that wind at our backs an the rain in cut of the foam we couldn't help it. We were in past the lighthouse, an I begun to think we'd weather it. Just then there was a report like a pistol, an I went heelin to leeward with my arm in flinders. I remember thinkin that was the end o' things, an then I fainted."

"When I come to, there was Miss May and Mr. Hugh holdin the tiller with all the'r might. The derved rope I had used to lash the handle had broke. My arm was painin me jest awful, but I managed to put my well shoulder to the wheel, so to speak, an found I could help considerable. The rope had got pushed about the painter of the dory, an was trailin in the water behind. The girls had kinder waked up, all but Miss Julie. She couldn't seem to get over her fear, but sat there as white as a ghost, with her teeth chatterin. I think Mr. Hugh's eyes begun to be opened then, for he gave Miss May the queerest look. She met his eyes, an for a moment her bright new color went away; then she turned to me an said, so pitiful: 'Poor Uncle Jerry! Hugh, help me to lash the rudder again: Uncle Jerry can't stand much more.'"

"I moved a little over, an they both reached for the rope. The next moment Miss May gave a horrid, groanin cry, an Mr. Hugh was in the water holdin on by the rope. Miss May's face was deathly pale, an she was all bent over in the queerest way. Tellin Mr. Hugh to be patient. She didn't seem able to move. I remember I was sorter cross at the idea of her givin out jest when she was most needed. I called one of the boys, an between us we got Mr. Hugh on board. Miss May all the time leamin more an more over the side, till I feared she'd be over too."

"Uncle Jerry paused to control the quiver in his old voice."

"As we pulled Mr. Hugh on board there was a sudden jerk, an Miss May went over. I saw what the trouble was: The rope that held the dory was only partly out, an the sudden pull Mr. Hugh had given it had shaken it tight, an drawn Miss May's arms tight across her chest. The pain must have been awful, for when we found her both arms were broken, an there was a great dent across her chest where the breath had been knocked out of her, almost. She knew if she said anything Mr. Hugh would let go, so after that first cry she never let a sound pass her lips."

"Goodby, Uncle Jerry," she says. Then she looked at Mr. Hugh, an that look has haunted me ever since, it was so full of love! 'Goodby, Hugh. My dear, dear Hugh,' she said, an his name as it left her lips was the last sound she made. Then the water closed over, an she never rose again."

"Uncle Jerry didn't care to conceal the honest tears that rolled down his cheeks, and something in my own eyes blurred the sea from my vision. Neither spoke for a minute; then I said: 'Did you say they found her?'"

"Uncle Jerry replied gruffly: 'I found her myself, after the storm, lyin on a bed of seaweed, that same lovin' look on her face. It closed the season at Miss Holt's, an I sold the foam for \$20 to get her out o' the bay, an I hafn't never took a pleasure party since. Guess I won't paint any more terday.'"

"And gathering up his brushes Uncle Jerry left me abruptly and started through the heavy sands for home, while I moved my seat out of reach of the incoming tide and watched his stooping figure till it vanished in the door of his cabin and meditated on what I had heard.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

A Weak Bell.

The following anecdote of Dr. Lyman Beecher was told by a former student of Lane seminary, present at the time. Even now he cannot refer to it without laughter.

There had been an unusual number of cases of tardiness in chapel attendance, and the blame was laid upon the chapel bell. Dr. Beecher waxed sarcastic over the frequent recurrence of this excuse, until one morning the students, assembled as usual, found the services unaccountably delayed. At last Dr. Beecher, in dressing gown and slippers, with hair like the quills upon the 'fretful porcupine,' came jerkily down the aisle, mounted the platform and delivered himself of the following explanation:

"Didn't hear the old bell. Makes no more noise than a lamb's tail rung in a fur cap. Let us pray."—Youth's Companion.

EXERCISE FOR THE EYES.

Absolutely Necessary in Order That the Vision May Be Preserved.

When the eyes are treated fairly, they are strengthened, not weakened, by work. Just as the arms of a blacksmith grow the stronger for his trade, so the eyes of watchmakers who work under healthy conditions are found to improve and not to deteriorate in vigor and quickness. It is the abuse of the eyes, not their use, which is to be avoided.

If a man is aware either that his eyes need no artificial correction or else have received their proper adjustment, and if his work, whether literary or mechanical, is done in a light both steady and sufficient and with a due regard as to ordinary sanitary rules, he may feel sure that he is strengthening his eyes, not weakening them, by hard work. Men of intellectual pursuits sometimes are afraid of losing their mental powers in old age because they have drawn so much upon them when young. The reverse is nearer the truth, and if they have not overtaxed their brains the fear is absolutely groundless.

The man whose intellect goes first in old age is generally some farmer or laborer who has never strengthened and invigorated it by use; not the politician, the lawyer or the man of letters. So with the eyes. Those who had strengthened their eyes by using them properly keep keen sight longer than those who have never trained them. In the case of the man who has neglected to give his eyes full development they will fail in power along with his other bodily functions. When, however, the man who, born with good eyes, has kept them in constant hard work and yet never strained them reaches old age, he may find them capable of performing their functions better than any other organ of the body.—Philadelphia Times.

Three Prayers of a Little Girl.

"God bless us every one." A little girl in bed in the other room is praying to go to sleep, but fighting to stay awake. "O Lord," said she, "make me good and let me go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Don't let it hail or snow or rain, for I want to go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret very much indeed, and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Make me well so that I can go in the omnibus, please do. Bless grandpa and grandma, Aunt Kate and Aunt Sophia and Mr. Charles Swan. Bless papa and mamma, and make us all good so that we can go to heaven at last, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

There was a short pause, and then the wide awake, defiant voice went on: "Keep grandma from dying before she gets here. Don't let anything happen to her. Don't let any bears or wild beasts eat her up. Bless grandpa and grandma and Mr. Charles Swan and Aunt Kate and Aunt Sophia."

Another pause, a little longer than the first, and the unconquered one began again: "I long for apples. I long for milk. I long for pie. I long to be good. I wish I had not that cold. I long for some brown bread. I long for some molasses. I long for some white bread. I long to be a woman. I thank thee that it did not rain or snow. Give me a clean spirit. Let me be good when papa is here, for it grieves him to have me naughty, and he buys me things—playthings. I have prayed that I should go to sleep. That makes three prayers."

A yawn, a long drawn breath, and then silence presently announced that the last prayer was answered, and sleep reigned.—Dan McCauley in Washington Post.

Now It's an Aluminum Wedding.

The already long list of jubilees and family celebrations has been enriched by a novelty in the line of wedding festivities. The family and friends of a rich manufacturer living in the neighborhood of Berlin deemed the interval between the silver and golden wedding to be altogether too long, and halving it introduced last week an aluminum wedding by offering the happy couple on the occasion of the completion of 37½ years of wedded life a choice variety of presents made of aluminum. If this novel idea should take, the aluminum industry has a great future before it. The Prussian capital, of all German cities the one most given to societies and fetes of every possible name and description, has since gone even one better by celebrating a seven year wedding, which the friends of the parties, with true Berlin humor, christened the jubilee of the seven years' war.—Paris American Register.

Sympathetic Vaccination.

The Listener has heard of something very queer and quite new to him. It is sympathetic vaccination, which several people are said to have suffered from. Without having been vaccinated at all, but with vaccinated people all about, you presently feel at times a stinging or itching sensation in a spot on your arm where the doctor would have vaccinated you if you had been vaccinated. In some cases this sympathetic vaccination afflicts only the left arm, but occasionally it shifts from one arm to the other, appearing first on the left and then for a time on the right. It is believed to be a nervous outgrowth of the continual complaints of vaccinated people and their everlasting description of their sensations.—Boston Transcript.

His View of the Case.

The editor of a daily to his reporter, who looks savage, "What is the matter with you, friend?"

"The matter? Just this: I was told there had been a collision on the western line—10 killed, 20 injured! I wired for particulars. Nothing; not the slightest accident—isn't it vexing?"—Patriote Normal.

Rather Premature.

In the first number of a new German periodical appeared a letter to the editor signed, "A Subscriber of Many Years' Standing."—Hamburger Fremdenblatt.



Ald. F. A. Freilensehner

Like a New Man

Alderman Freilensehner Tells How He Was Cured

Neuralgia of the Stomach—Great Benefit to Wife and Family.

The following letter has been received from Mr. Frederick A. Freilensehner, a well known jeweller and engraver of Newark, N. J., and a member of the board of aldermen: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I give this statement for the benefit of other sufferers. I was in poor health, troubled with Neuralgia of the Stomach

and had given up all hope of getting well. I have been doctored and tried many different remedies but all in vain. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me and I took four bottles of it. I feel like a new man again. It has

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all wherever I go, and feel confident it will do good to all who take it according to directions." F. A. FREILENSEHNER, 60 West St., Newark, N. J.

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India, Linens and Victoria Lawns, fresh invoices, splendid values, at 10c., 12 1-2c., 20c., and 25c. per yard.

Persian Lawns, at 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., 37 1-2c., and 45c. per yard.

Plain Nainsooks and Lawns, both sheer and heavy, from 10c., 12 1-2c., and 15c. to 50c. per yard.

Soft Finished Cambrics, Lonsdale, Berkley and Jones, all grades.

India Dimities, in stripes, checks and hairlines, at 16c., 25c., 30c., and 35c. per yard.

Tucked and Hemstitched Lawns, at 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., and 65c. per yard.

Bordered Lawns, at 15c., 20c., and 25c. per yard.

Black India Linen, Imperial Longcloth (Chamois Finished), Linen Handkerchief Cambric, Cream Batiste, Organdies, &c.

Tucking, in plain, fancy, cluster and lace effects, from 30c. to 85c. per yard.

Piques, in fine and heavy cords and fancy designs, at 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., and 65c. per yard. Also Fleece Lined Pique, at 40c. per yard.

French Nainsooks, a large assortment of best goods, at prices ranging from 40c. to \$1.00 per yard.

Madeira Cambric (something new), pure, soft finish, suitable for Ladies' and Children's fine wear, 10 yards in each piece, \$1.80 per piece.

N. B. —We have a large lot of short Ends of White Goods left from our recent special sale, which will be offered at GREAT REDUCTIONS; also some remnants of Dotted Swisses to be sold AT COST.

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